

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 75.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE PUBLIC-SPIRITED MAN.

It is not easy to define this gentleman with perfect precision—we mean with reference to the particular line of conduct which procures him the flattering distinction pointed at in the title of our paper. Generally, however, a public-spirited man is one who neglects his own affairs to attend to those of the community; who does not care a farthing how his own particular business goes, provided he can only keep that of the public in proper order. To accomplish this desirable object, he runs about from morning to night, going through an immense amount of labour and fatigue. The public-spirited man, in short, is one who is seized with a fancy for looking after the public interests, and who, without being asked, devotes himself, soul and body, to the management of its affairs. As a reward for all this trouble and zeal in its behalf, the public, well pleased to have found somebody to take the burden of looking after its affairs from its shoulders, calls him a public-spirited man. When he works on a great scale, and his labours are principally in the political line, it calls him a patriot: but with this species of the genus we do not intend to meddle on the present occasion.

It is said that what is everybody's business is nobody's; and this may be true where there is no public-spirited man—but where there is, it is his. He appropriates the neglected common of the public weal, and is made extremely welcome to do so; for nobody else will be at the trouble of looking after it. Here, with his coat off and his neck bare, he toils throughout the livelong day, encouraged by the applauding smiles of those for whose benefit he is labouring, and that too without fee or reward; and who, the while, stand around him with folded arms, looking complacently on the dreadful drudgery the poor simpleton is undergoing for their sakes, and hugging themselves in the comfortable idea that they are getting their work done for nothing.

The advantage to a community of having a public-spirited man, or fag (as he may be called), is very great. As he takes all the drudgery of the common interest on his own shoulders, it allows of every man looking after his own affairs, without troubling himself about those of the public. Kept perfectly easy by, and relying on, the vigilance of their public-spirited man, every one remains comfortably behind his own counter, turning the penny for his own particular benefit.

In the country, the character of a public-spirited man is pretty easily earned. Patching up an old bridge with a few stones or two, or three pieces of timber, or mending a bit of old road, will secure it. But it is a different sort of thing in a town. There, the labours of the public-spirited man are tremendous; the field of operations being infinitely more various, and, if not taken in a strictly literal sense, more extensive. There are, in short, a thousand things expected of the public-spirited man of the town, of which his rural brother knows nothing.

The former has the common good of a dense and varied community to superintend and protect, throughout all its endless details and ramifications. He has the streets and common sewers to keep clean, the gas-lights to look after, the supply of water to

attend to, markets to regulate, soup-kitchens to establish in times of scarcity, police and fiscal regulations to look after, iniquitous local taxes to abolish; old, unjust, or absurd local laws and customs to abrogate or amend; improvements to suggest and to see executed, with a thousand other things of equal importance and interest.

One would think that the public-spirited man might find all this rather oppressive and irksome, seeing that he gets nothing for it, and that his own particular business is the while, in all probability, going rapidly astern; but such is far from being the case. Having a soul above all selfish consideration, he delights in it. It is his element, and he is never so happy as when over head and ears in the business of the community, no matter of what nature. All is alike to him; but the more complicated and unintelligible, the better.

We would not wantonly depreciate the character of the public-spirited man; but we cannot help thinking that this public spirit of his as often arises from a restless nature as from any sincere regard for the common weal; that it is, in short, but another development of that perversity of disposition which induces a man to take an interest in all matters excepting his own.

The public-spirited man would, it is very probable, like much to interfere in the affairs of his neighbours: but not being permitted to do this, he dabbles in those of the community. However, be this as it may, the public-spirited man, notwithstanding his popularity, by no means lies on a bed of roses. Very far from it; for although most of those things which he has a principal hand in bringing about are satisfactory to the community in general, yet there is hardly one of them that does not offend, or probably injure, the interests of somebody or other. He cannot please every one; and the consequence is, that he has always a host of enemies, who take every opportunity of worrying and abusing him. It might be imagined that the public—that is, the majority who approve of his doings—would support him against his foes; but they much prefer leaving him to fight his own battles.

The character of a public-spirited man being voluntarily assumed, and its duties gratuitously discharged, he generally has, at the outset of his career, the privilege of picking and choosing the objects on which to exercise his public spirit; and while this state of matters continues, it is all very well with the public-spirited man. But mark the end of it; and mark it, too, all ye who feel within ye the stirrings of ambition to shine as public-spirited men. The community, seeing how able and willing he is to labour in its behalf, gets gradually into a habit of expecting him to do everything. Besides the duties already enumerated—namely, looking after the common sewers and gas-lights, &c. &c.—it expects him to remove all nuisances, and generally to remedy all local grievances, of whatever kind they may be. It expects, nay calls on him, to head all sorts of deputations on all sorts of subjects; to take the lead in all sorts of public movements for all sorts of purposes; and though last, not least, expects him to head all sorts of subscription-lists for all sorts of public objects, and thus contrives to mulct him handsomely, besides getting his labour for nothing; for, as he is at the top of the list, he cannot but come down with

something respectable. The community, in fact, in the height of its satisfaction with the disinterested activity of its public-spirited man, ends by working him to death, and, in nine cases out of ten, by ruining him into the bargain—as he generally dies a beggar.

It is curious to mark how cunningly the good folks of the community urge on their public-spirited man to his work, when he either flags or gets restive on their hands. As they do not give him anything for his trouble, they, of course, cannot command him, but they hint him on in the most delicate and ingenious way imaginable; and if this will not do, they come over him with a little respectful solicitation.

Suppose there is a particular job to be done which would greatly benefit the community, but which no one will take the trouble of looking after, all eyes, in such case, are immediately directed towards the public-spirited man. His personal friends and acquaintances meet him with smiling faces, and shaking him by the hand with more than usual cordiality, throw out some delicate hints, or it may be jocular remarks, regarding the grievance desired to be remedied; concluding, generally, with some expressions of wonder that he does not take the matter up.

Possibly, deputations from some corporate bodies also wait on him, and after soft-soaping him a little about his public spirit, hope that he will lend them the aid of his well-known activity and influence in managing the affair. It is needless to add, that having once got him fairly in for the job, they invariably cut and run themselves, and leave him to get out of the scrape as he best can.

The newspapers, too, of the place very cordially join in keeping the public-spirited man to his duty; they usually manage it by paragraphs running thus:—

"**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—As some labourers were returning from their work late last night by the Quarry-road, one of them, of the name of Michael M'Grady, fell over the precipitous bank at the turn near Mr. Dickson's house, and is seriously injured by the fall. We have often called attention to the disgraceful state of the road at this particular point, but without effect. But it is an old saying, 'What is everybody's business,' &c. &c.

"*We wonder our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Kilderkin, does not take up this matter.* It would add another laurel to the civic crown which already decorates his brow.

"*We hope he will take the hint.*"

Thus goaded on, poor simple Kilderkin *does* take the hint, and is in a twinkling over head and ears in a furious war with the Quarry-road trustees, as we learn by another paragraph which appears shortly after in the same paper from which we have just quoted, and which runs thus:—

"We are sorry to learn that the Quarry-road trustees have raised an action of damages against our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Kilderkin, for certain proceedings adopted by that gentleman with a view to compel them to repair the road near Mr. Dickson's house, and which proceedings the trustees hold to be illegal. For ourselves, feeling satisfied that whatever steps Mr. Kilderkin may have taken in this matter, he could have had only the public interest in view—that public-spirited gentleman's motto ever being "*Pro bono publico*"—we shall extremely regret if he be cast in the present case."

So long, however, as there is only one public-spirited man in a given locality, both the man and the locality get on very well; but, as often happens, when *two* public-spirited men appear upon the same stage at the same time, the result is anything but advantageous to the community; for when public-spirited man meets public-spirited man, then comes the tug of war, as on no single

point can they ever agree,—no two of a trade can, it is said; and it holds good of public-spirited men as well as others.

Instead, therefore, of attending to the public interest, they study only how they can thwart each other. To this amiable purpose they devote their whole energies, and the consequence is that nothing is done. Nor is this all. They divide the community between them and keep it in a state of civil war. At the head of each party stands that party's public-spirited man, looking and breathing defiance of the public-spirited man of the opposite party.

By-and-by, one of the public-spirited men proposes a great public measure; probably it is a suggestion to remove the dépôt for the city manure, of which all the city complains, to another locality which he points out.

The public-spirited man of the other party agrees, because he cannot deny it, in the propriety of removing the said defect, but scouts the idea of its being taken to the site suggested by his great rival, declaring the said site to be incomparably worse in every respect than that which it at present occupies. The several parties of the public-spirited champions take up the quarrel of their respective leaders; a general war is the consequence, and the dépôt for the public manure, which is suffocating half the town, remains where it is.

THE PAINTER AND THE OLD CHEST.

A TRUE STORY.

A GREAT sensation had been created in Siena, by a series of pictures illustrative of the life of Pius the Second, with which the public library had been recently enriched: the cognoscenti talked learnedly of their merits; the small wits found them a convenient mark against which to direct their light but destructive artillery; and the Sienese, in general, regarded them with pride, admiration, and delight. In these latter sentiments, and in no small degree, did the artist himself share. The consciousness of power is said to be half the strength of genius; if this be so, Pinturiccio's was gigantic. But two other passions shared the rule of pride, and sometimes injured its interests; these were, avarice and anger. On this occasion, however, the first had been largely gratified, and the fear of exciting the latter had kept from his ear many of the criticisms and reports which might have aroused it. It had indeed been insinuated to him, as a general opinion, that he had been much indebted for success to the assistance of a young artist just rising into eminence; but then his friends consoled him with the belief that posterity would never mistake Pinturiccio for Raphael. It was, perhaps, the happiest period of the painter's life; congratulations met him on all hands; he was courted by the great, and revered by the little;—yet even in this cup might be found the drop of bitterness that none are without. In this case, it was a secret misgiving as to the "fate" of his reputation, induced by an additional anxiety to support it. It was his fear on this head that, in the moment of success, prostrated the pride of genius before the power of Heaven.

It was late in the evening, and the chapel of the monastery of St. Francis was deserted by all but Pinturiccio, who had obtained leave of the superior to pass a night there—a night of vigil and penance,—in order to propitiate the saint to prosper his next effort; promising to offer at the shrine of St. Francis whatever he most valued, if the saint would hear him. Midnight came and passed, and still Pinturiccio was zealously engaged in his devotions; but even these will weary imperfect human nature, when continued over long, and, with the self-exuse that he was occupied in devout contemplation, he rested his brow on his folded hands, and supporting both on a convenient ledge, remained immovable. He had not long lain thus, when a fresh and fragrant wind lifted the hair on his uncovered head, and gently fanned his cheek. He raised his eyes, and saw standing beside him a venerable old man

in the habit of the monastery. The picture he had just been contemplating would have enabled him to recognise St. Francis, even without the halo that shone round his head; and the moment he saw him, he bowed his forehead to the earth, in reverence and fear, to the holy visitant, whose appearance thus honoured the devotions of his votary.

"My son," said the venerable and gracious apparition, "I have heard and accepted your prayers and promises. Your next effort shall be to adorn these sacred walls. Sacrifice on my shrine, as you have promised, what you most value, and fame and riches shall crown the work. I have cared for your payment; but beware how you spurn my gift by withholding the sacrifice."

He ceased; and before the painter could find voice or words to answer, the venerable form was absorbed in a light whose dazzling brightness the eye of the mortal could not endure.

When Pinturiccio again raised his head, a faint light filled the chapel, and the brothers of St. Francis were assembling for the matin service. As soon as this was concluded, he was informed that the superior wished to see him before he went. The painter, respectfully assenting, was conducted to a large apartment well stored with books, into the presence of a fine comely-looking man, somewhere about the middle age, whose aquiline nose and bright intelligent eye would, to a physiognomist, have told of powers of mind and strength of will. He was seated in a very easy chair; the symbols of devotion were scattered over the table near him, on which lay a large volume, whose pencilled pages witnessed the thoughtful study with which they had been perused. There was a strong contrast between the monk and the painter: the latter was very thin and pale; his eye, though bright, was very small; and his knees bending inwards, gave an ungraceful air to his walk and movements. He was young, but his forehead, naturally high, and already heightened by baldness, lost much of its beauty from its perpetual contractions and frowns. Elevated with the consciousness of his vision, his manner was even more haughty than common, though rather checked by the reverence with which the superior of St. Francis was generally regarded.

"My son," said the reverend father, after bestowing the usual benediction, "you do well to ask the blessing of the Saint upon your labours. Surely, the immortal mind is not less the creature of Providence than its habitation. My son, in this thou dost well; but one thing thou lackest: out of the powers He has given, devote a part as an offering to His glory, and those powers shall be strengthened—their efforts blessed!"

There was something in this address, which, though gratifying to the pride of genius and religion, seemed to the painter to convey a requisition that wounded his avarice. He bowed without reply; but the contraction of his brow and the gleam in his eye plainly signified his feelings to the superior.

"I do not mean," he resumed, with a slight smile, "to demand for the service of God a sacrifice solely at your expense, in urging upon you the duty of a free-will offering from the abundance He has given. I do not forget that I owe it to my own conscience not to sacrifice to Him what costs me nought." He then proceeded to propose that Pinturiccio should paint "the Nativity" for the decoration of the chapel of the monastery, and receive for his labour a remuneration which, though handsome, yet fell far short of the painter's grasping wishes; but he remembered his vision, and trusted that the saint would be responsible for his farther payment; the high estimation in which he held his own talent inducing him to believe that its mere exercise was the costliest offering he could make to his shrine.

All this passed rapidly through his mind, and the superior had scarcely done speaking, when, with proud humility, the offer was accepted; and the painter, requesting that a chamber might be prepared for his use, declared his intention of commencing the holy work the following day. The superior promised it should be ready; and again desiring, with some little show of importance, that the room destined for his easel might be cleared of all unnecessary furniture, he departed with profound demonstrations of

reverence, which self-consequence forbade him really to feel, and which the monk returned with his benediction.

A smile in which was something of contempt passed over the features of the latter, when, once more alone, he thought over the past interview; but other and better thoughts replaced this slight ebullition of pride: he crossed himself, and bowed his head. "God forgive me," he said, "that I should look with contempt, instead of sorrow, on the shadows with which man has marred His hand-writing." Reparation must quickly follow repentance in a generous and well-regulated mind: the superior's next thought was to atone for this injurious one by assiduous attention to the wishes of its object; and two brothers were quickly summoned to his presence, and entrusted with a commission to prepare a chamber for the painter.

The order was received with silent submission, and immediately acted upon, but by the two monks in a very different spirit. Brother Julian, all reverence for genius, especially for that which inspired the perpetuation of the objects of his adoration, was zealously anxious that everything should be ordered with the utmost convenience and comfort. Brother John regarded all the professors of what he called the world's vanities with a contempt that implied on his part a still greater vanity; he did not attempt to dissemble his aversion to the task imposed on him, to which he was only reconciled by regarding his painful obedience to his superior as a species of penance. But before the evening of that day all preparations deemed necessary had been made. Brother John breathed an ejaculation of thanksgiving as he left the room, when all was ready; and Brother Julian lingered to look round, regretting, as he did so, the obstinacy of his associate; for his eye fell on a very old chest, whose removal Brother John had determinedly opposed, which determination had been somewhat aided by his own secret misgiving that it could not, in fact, be moved without coming to pieces. This fate his reverence for the ancient piece of furniture led him to deprecate, and he had accordingly agreed to leave it; but now he could not help thinking that the old chest spoiled the looks of the newly-arranged apartment, and he shut the door with a sigh and a shake of the head.

The following day, punctual to his appointment, Pinturiccio appeared at the monastery, and, by the previous orders of the superior, was immediately ushered into the chamber prepared for him by the two brothers who had assisted in its arrangement. As he had passed along the street in his way thither, a good-natured friend had stopped him to repeat, with due expressions of wrath, some ridicule he had heard applied to his works: there was neither taste nor judgment in the opinion, but there was wit enough to point and envenom it. With gnashing teeth, which he strove to hide, with a proud smile, the painter had parted with his informant—the fury of wounded pride raging in his heart. The spirit already chafed, he was prepared to make the most of a grievance, or, with his irritable temper, to create one, if need were. With a sullen and dissatisfied air he looked round the room: on the first view he saw nothing of which he could complain, and the anxious glance of Brother Julian was somewhat assured. He looked again, and unhappily at the moment the sun, bursting from a cloud, shone out brightly upon the old chest, displaying with the most unfavourable clearness its rude manufacture and dilapidated condition. A frown contracted his mobile brow as his eye fell on the ancient offender.

"What means this wretched lumber left in a room intended for an artist and a Christian?" he said sharply; "do you think I take my models from the churchyard, and want an old coffin to keep them in? Let it be moved instantly."

"That cannot be, signor," replied Brother John doggedly; "it could not be moved without falling to pieces."

"And what signifies the fate of the lumber?" returned the painter, kicking it as he spoke; "are you afraid of being overstocked with firewood?"

Brother John's cheeks could not become paler, but his lips did as he replied hoarsely, "It belonged to one who is now a saint in

heaven, and *must* not be destroyed." And he advanced a few paces, and laid his hand on it.

Pinturiccio only grew more obstinate from being opposed, and stamping with his foot, he said passionately, "Destroyed or not, removed it shall be; see that it be done instantly."

Brother John did not answer, but he planted his foot more firmly beside the chest, and his compressed lips and scowling eyes spoke defiance.

Brother Julian, with pacific intentions, now thought it time to interfere. "If the signor will permit," he said, "I will cover the chest with a rich piece of carpet, and it will no longer offend his eye."

"Talk not to me of your hypocritical pretences," said the enraged painter; "the presence of a thing like that, cover it how you will, would desecrate my painting-room."

Brother Julian shook his head as he answered mildly, "He was a holy man, signor, to whom it belonged." Brother John muttered something of pearls and swine; but Pinturiccio paid little regard to either. "If you do not immediately remove the lumber," he said furiously, "I shall learn from your superior if it is by his orders I am thus insulted."

But Brother Julian, as the apostle of peace, was not to be daunted or offended. He advanced nearer to the painter, and spoke in a low voice. "Signor," he said, "the holy man to whom that chest belonged was the early, almost the only, friend of the man who now stands beside it: if this the only relic left of him were destroyed, it would wring his heart. Will you not, signor, sacrifice something to save a fellow-being pain?—let it remain."

Pinturiccio did not close his ears to this pleading; but a Braham lock could not have fastened up his heart more surely than did Brother John's look of sullen determination. He drew aside from the pleader, and with a glance at his companion, in a stern voice repeated his command that the subject of discussion should be instantly removed; adding, that if it were not, he should immediately appeal to the superior, who, if they refused, could doubtless employ others.

Brother Julian sighed and retreated; and his companion, though his eye blazed with wrath, yet finding the painter obstinate, perceived that his command might be no longer safely resisted; for he well knew the superior would not suffer an old relic of an almost forgotten brother to weigh in the balance against the wish of one from whose art he expected ornament and honour to the monastery; but there were curses in his heart and eye, as, with a cold, harsh voice, he called his companion to aid him in moving it as required. An appealing glance of the would-be peace-maker showed him the painter standing, the very incarnation of obstinacy,—his eyes sternly fixed on the denounced chest, or occasionally glancing determinately at the wrathful countenance of its partisan; and with a slow step he advanced to assist in the unwilling service.

The two monks, holding the chest with the utmost care, attempted to lift it from the ground; but the effort was almost vain: with the greatest exertion of strength, they raised it about an inch from the floor, when its immense weight compelled them again to drop it with some violence. The sudden shock loosened the already warped panels of the old chest, and shaking one quite out, a rich stream of yellow metal rushed through the opening, and the floor around was covered thickly with large gold pieces. The painter started forward with an exclamation of astonishment and delight, which, as the monks began eagerly to gather up the scattered riches, was changed into a pang of mortification and disappointment. At one glance came upon his mind what might have been, with a recollection of the peevish obstinacy that had thrust from him advantages so precious; for with this came the thought of his vision, and the belief that it was the recompense the saint had intended for him. He had indeed spurned it; but he saw not yet that he had also refused to fulfil the terms on which it had been promised. His vexation and remorse were for the time almost insanity; he muttered curses on his own folly; then

striking his mouth with such force that the blood flowed, and clenching his hands in his hair, with gnashing teeth he threw himself on a seat, and remained gazing wildly on the lost treasure.

The two monks, meantime, were eagerly occupied in their pleasant and profitable employment. Brother Julian's humanity and love of peace were for the moment absorbed in the presence of the great king of this world; and his companion's reverence for the relic of a dead friend was for the time forgotten in the bright consequences of its destruction. With sparkling eyes and excited gestures, they continued to gather up and to collect from the chest the hidden treasure; and, at least, the mortification of the painter was not deepened by the triumph of the fortunate finders—they never thought of or looked at him. The gold was carried away, the remains of the old chest removed, and the painter was left alone to the agony of mortification, disappointment, and self-reproach. Nor were these feelings transient; they preyed upon his mind and wasted his frame from day to day.

He proceeded with his labours in the chapel, but the spirit that had inspired his previous efforts now soared with flagging wing; the very place in which he had to work served to perpetuate these feelings, by presenting more vividly to his mind the memories that tortured him; and those tortures are not always commensurate with the cause—there are almost ever some thrills in the first pang that arise from other sources than the ostensible one, but which memory re-acts or re-echoes when those collateral causes are forgotten; and the looker-on—nay, the very sufferer himself—is surprised that such deep emotions should be excited by memories that seem so insufficient to produce them. Perhaps it was thus with Pinturiccio; but, as I have said before, his strength, his very life, was wasting away in the gnawing agony of his recollections; and the man so highly gifted with the wealth that belongs to immortality was sickening unto death for the loss of that which the grave wrests away.

Day after day he persevered in his labours, but it was silently, sullenly—a perseverance without energy. The superior had asked the reason for the sad and strange alteration he marked in him; but he had gloomily denied that he was in any way changed, and laughed a hollow laugh of derision when told of his wasted strength. Brother Julian, who had relapsed into his wonted respect for him, would often watch him sadly and anxiously, and many a delicacy did the kind brother place on his table, to tempt a sick appetite; many an effort did he make to arouse or amuse a depression whose cause he could not penetrate. One day, as, perceiving the utter failure of these efforts, he was entreating him to say if any bodily ailment was thus depressing him, Brother John was standing by, whose more kindred mind could better distinguish what was passing in that of Pinturiccio; he smiled a harsh and contemptuous smile; the painter's eye met his, and at a glance read in that smile the monk's knowledge of his feelings. This was the crowning mortification—that that man, whose obstinacy had excited his so unhappily, should know and triumph in the effects of his disappointment, stung him almost to madness, and added to his previous tortures the perpetual gnawing of a hidden hatred.

If this story were not a truth too well authenticated, it might and would be looked on as an exaggerated picture of an impossible consequence; it is another evidence and illustration of the assertion, that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

To return to Pinturiccio. This war of the life and the spirit could not long continue. The vulture passions that he had nourished, now, in the day of their power, wasted away his bodily strength, and sapped those powers they had once seemed to subserve.

It was but a few months after the event that had so deeply affected the painter's health of mind and body, and he was again alone at night in the chapel of St. Francis. He knelt now on the very spot where the vision had promised what his waking folly had thrust from him; the picture, for which he believed the treasure the intended payment, was now nearly finished, and again had he proposed to pass a night of prayer and vigil, to woo back to his

grasp the gift he had thrust from him : but midnight was come, and no prayer had passed his lips. Still he knelt in silent exhaustion and remorseful thought. In what words could he pray for that which his own hands had cast from him? But in the depths of his heart arose a bitter questioning of the justice of his fate. "Have I not," he said, "fulfilled my part? I have devoted to the saint's shrine that which I value most highly. I have exerted for the glory of God his highest gift; and if I have thrust from me the reward appointed, was it not in ignorance? Does this merit its forfeiture? Surely, I am unjustly punished!" He ceased to speak; but his spirit chafed with a sense of injustice, and his heart was filled with repinings.

While thus he lay, he became conscious of a bright light that seemed to fill the chapel, which had been before but dimly illuminated by a few wax tapers; he raised his head, and again saw the reverend form—the object of his former vision. Impetuously he threw himself at the feet of the saint, but vainly did he strive to express by words anything of his feelings or his hopes; he folded his hands, and with gasping breath fixed his eager and glazing eyes upon the holy visitant, whose radiant brow was bent upon him in frowning reproof.

"Child of the dust," he said, "impeach no longer the justice of thy doom; thou hast said, 'I have fulfilled my part, I have sacrificed to God of my choicest treasure.' Thou hast offered of the treasures of the mind, and in this thou hast done well, but the offering most acceptable to the Almighty thou hast withheld—the cherished pride and passion; these are the sacrifices in which He delights—it was this only that was demanded of thee, and this thou hast refused; murmur no longer at the fate thou hast thyself woven."

The words of the saint prostrated the painter's heart; he felt at once all their meaning; and, humble and self-convicted, he bowed his forehead to the earth, and his tears wet the pavement; a strain of music soothing and spirit-like passed over him, his tears flowed more freely, and no other sight or sound that night interrupted the communion of the penitent with his Maker. On the following morning, when Brother Julian entered the chapel before the usual hour of service, impelled thereto by anxiety respecting the painter, he found him still lying where the vision had left him; he hastened to raise him, and to his terror and dismay saw the approach of death fearfully manifest in his countenance; a few words he gasped of confession and repentance, to which the monk replied with the consolations of religion;—there was a minute's struggle—a transient brightening of the glazing eye—a slight cry as of pain, and Pinturicchio, the proud and gifted painter, and the slave and victim of his own evil passions, ceased to breathe.

A CHILD

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all; and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young apprentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Chris-

tian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another, and then returns again to his regiment.—*Bishop Earle.*

SAVINGS BANKS AND ANNUITY SOCIETIES.

We presume all our readers are acquainted with the nature and character of Savings Banks, and that, therefore, there is no occasion to tell them what they already know. We may merely remind them, then, that these admirable institutions are spread over the country; that they are established for the safe custody and increase of small savings; and that deposits as low as a shilling (but not lower) are received by them. We should be very sorry to encourage a narrow, mean, calculating spirit in the young; we should turn away, with a feeling of pain, from the schoolboy, out to enjoy his holiday, and debating whether he will save his penny, or spend it on a cake: but there is an essential, if not a wide, difference between meanness and prudence; and the person who can deny himself a present pleasure to avoid a future pain may be far more generous, on proper occasions, than the thoughtless waster, who can hardly look, as the saying is, "beyond his nose." Let all our young friends, who have not already done so, begin to accumulate, by putting a shilling or a half-crown in a Savings Bank.

The rules of Savings Banks are generally much the same, though slight variations may be made according to local circumstances. The rules of each Bank are printed, and each depositor receives a copy, along with his deposit-book, so that none of them need be ignorant of what it concerns them to know. For the benefit of such of our readers who may be, or intend to be, interested in Savings Banks, we here present them with an Interest Table, which is calculated at the rate of 3*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* per cent. per annum, being the usual and the highest rate allowed:—

SAVINGS-BANK INTEREST TABLE.

PRINCIPAL.	1 MONTH.	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
£.	s. d.	l. s. d.	l. s. d.	l. s. d.
1	0 0	0 0 2	0 0 4	0 0 8
2	0 1	0 0 4	0 0 8	0 1 4
3	0 2	0 0 6	0 1 0	0 2 0
4	0 2	0 0 8	0 1 4	0 2 8
5	0 3	0 0 10	0 1 8	0 3 5
6	0 4	0 1 0	0 2 0	0 4 1
7	0 4	0 1 2	0 2 4	0 4 9
8	0 5	0 1 4	0 2 8	0 5 5
9	0 6	0 1 6	0 3 0	0 6 1
10	0 6	0 1 8	0 3 5	0 6 10
20	1 1	0 3 5	0 6 10	0 13 8
30	1 8	0 5 1	0 10 3	1 0 6
40	2 3	0 6 10	0 13 8	1 7 4
50	2 10	0 8 6	0 17 1	1 14 2
60	3 5	0 10 3	0 20 6	1 21 0
70	3 11	0 11 11	0 23 11	1 27 10
80	4 6	0 13 8	0 26 4	1 34 8
90	5 1	0 15 4	0 29 9	1 41 6
100	5 3	0 17 1	0 32 3	1 48 5
150	8 6	1 5 7	0 50 3	2 17 9
200	11 4	1 14 2	0 67 5	3 16 10

The fractional parts of a penny are not allowed in calculating the interest; nor is any interest paid upon sums of less than 1*l.*

Connected with many Savings Banks are Annuity Societies, enrolled under the 3 Will. IV. c. 14. The purpose of this act is to "enable depositors in Savings Banks, and others, to purchase Government annuities through the medium of Savings Banks." These annuities may be either immediate or deferred, for life or for a certain term of years, according to the tables provided for that purpose, and sanctioned by the lords of the Treasury, pursuant to the act.

The lowest and the highest annuities which can be purchased

under the act are 4*l.* and 20*l.* No person under fifteen years of age can purchase an annuity. If any person should commence to make an annual payment for an annuity, and should be unable to continue his payments, he can get his money back again, with interest, on giving proper notification; and the same will be paid to his executor or heir, in case of death. This is a very important provision.

If you are sixteen years of age and under seventeen, and think you have a chance of living till you are forty-three, you may secure yourself a yearly annuity of 20*l.*, by an annual payment of 6*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* A young man of sixteen may say, "Oh, who is ever likely to continue to pay 6*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per annum for twenty-seven years!" But, recollect, you *may* live, if you are temperate, to sixty; and a comparatively small weekly saving would enable you to have the prospect of an annuity of 20*l.* for—say seventeen of the years of a declining life. A deferred annuity can be purchased, to become payable within ten years, or twenty years, or thirty years, reckoning from the time of purchase.

Example in deferred Life Annuities.—On the 15th December, 1833, a person (whether male or female), aged twenty-five, and under twenty-six, contracts, by annual payments, for an annuity of 20*l.* a year, to be enjoyed by him or her, during the rest of his or her life, after the expiration of a period of thirty-five years, reckoning such period from the time of purchase. Under that contract the party would receive the first half-yearly payment of the said annuity on the 5th April, 1869, that being the *second* quarterly day of payment next following the expiration of the term for which the annuity was agreed to be deferred.

In this case, the party would be required, first, to pay down 2*l.* 15*s.* on entering into the contract on the 15th December, 1833; and, secondly, to continue to make the same payment of 2*l.* 15*s.* annually on the 10th October, in each of the succeeding thirty-five years; the last, or thirty-fifth annual payment, being to be made on the 10th October, 1868.

Such of our readers as may be anxious to know more about these annuities should get a small pamphlet, entitled "Tables of the Rates of Government Annuities," published by Shaw and Sons, Fetter-lane; where also they may procure all the forms under the act, with every other information they may require on the matter.

THE GULF STREAM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE first thing that would strike us, were we detached from the earth and able to study it like an artificial globe, would be this—the great disproportion between the land and sea. In the southern hemisphere, the land is as one hundred and twenty-nine to one thousand—but a trifle more than one-eighth part of the whole; in the northern, it is as four hundred and nineteen to one thousand—less than forty-two per cent.; and taking both together nearly three quarters of the whole earth is found covered by the sea—and, though called by different names, by one and the same sea. Here is the foundation of a system to be followed out. With the rivers, the lakes, and other fresh-water reservoirs, which take up another goodly portion of the land that is left for the dominion of man, let us have nothing to do; let us give our whole attention to THE SEA—that prodigious element of power and transformation, which, enduring no empire over itself, holds unquestioned and absolute dominion over nearly three quarters of the whole earth; overshadowing all other empires, and maintaining two mighty systems of encroachment and compensation, which, however they may appear to contradict and thwart each other, are but "parts of one stupendous whole," sections of the same great circle, like the venous and arterial systems of animal life: one, the equatorial or equinoctial current, flowing steadily and for ever, from east to west, at the average rate of nine or ten miles every

twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one hundredths of a foot every second of time; the other, which we are all somewhat acquainted with, as the Gulf Stream, flowing in a contrary direction, that is, from west to east, at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, upon the average, though sometimes reaching to five miles an hour, or seven feet and a half every second—such being the measured velocity thereof, at the end of the Gulf of Florida, in the parallel of Cape Canaveral—hurrying onward for ever and ever, without rest or pause, with the certainty of fate, and the steadiness of irresistible power—as if the Bahama Channel, where it runs five feet every second, or the Gulf of Florida, where it thunders along like a torrent, were, in sober earnest, the world's aorta—and losing itself, at last, in its original source, between the tropics; thereby completing a circulation which occupies a period of two years and a half, and establishing what Humboldt calls, with startling propriety, "a whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent!"

Others hold that the entire revolution is performed in somewhat less than three years; and that, while a drop of water falling into the sea, (if it were neither evaporated on the passage, nor swallowed by an oyster, and converted into pearl,) would come back to the point of departure in two years and ten months; that a boat left on the sea, without sail or oar, would drift from the Canaries to the coast of Caraccas in thirteen months; round the Gulf of Mexico, where the Gulf Stream reaches its highest elevation, in about ten months; and that in forty or fifty days it would find its way, as if impelled by its own volition, from Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland. By name, at least, we are all acquainted with the Gulf Stream. To us, indeed, it is a matter of no common interest; for to the Gulf Stream we are indebted—perhaps—to the discovery of the Western world. It was owing to the remains of tropical plants, fragments of overgrown bamboo, and the bodies of two men of a strange aspect, deposited by this very Gulf Stream on the shores of certain islands (the Azores) lying half-way between the Old world and the New, latitude 36 dgs. 39', that Christopher Columbus himself was persuaded hither. Such accidents are continually happening now. Near Mont Flammant, in latitude 45 or 50 dgs. a branch of this very Gulf Stream flows from the S. W. to the N. E., toward the shores of Northern Europe, and heaves along the coast of Ireland and Norway the fruits and trees of the torrid zone; and it is not long since the wreck of a vessel burnt at Jamaica was found on the coast of Scotland, having drifted thither on the outer edge of the whirlpool.

Vessels from Europe to the West Indies find their sail much quickened before they reach the torrid zone. The equatorial, or, as others prefer to call it, the equinoctial current, which is separated from the Gulf Stream by a belt of seven hundred miles in width, flows in a westerly direction, while the Gulf Stream flows to the east. Near the Bahama Isles, the width of the latter is only seventy miles; in latitude 28 dgs. 30' N., it is eighty-five miles: in the parallel of Charlestown, it spreads out from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles, according to the nature of the coast. After it reaches our seaboard, it enlarges gradually and steadily, until it becomes two hundred and forty miles, or eighty marine leagues in breadth, under the meridian of Halifax—after which, it sweeps away to the eastward, all at once, and touches along the southern extremity of the Banks of Newfoundland—our great northern refrigerator and fog-generator.

The Gulf Stream is readily distinguished from the surrounding waters. The temperature is higher by five degrees; it is evidently saltier, and the colour is deeper—of the deepest and richest indigo blue. It is always covered with sea-weed, and sometimes in prodigious quantities; and there is a perceptible heat in the surrounding atmosphere, especially in the dead of winter. The waters of the Grand Bank are from 16 to 18 dgs., Fahrenheit; while the waters of the torrid zone, hurrying to the north at the rate we have mentioned, are from 38 to 40 dgs. Fahr.; and the waters of the ocean are about 33 dgs.—or more accurately, while the waters of the Bank are 16 dgs. 9' colder than those of the surrounding ocean, these of the surrounding ocean are 5 dgs. 4' colder than

those of the Gulf Stream, so as to make a difference between the waters of the Gulf and the waters of the Bank of 21 dgs. 13' Fahr.: and these differences are all owing to permanent causes, forbidding that equalization which might otherwise be hoped for, if not expected. The attention of the scientific was first called to the high temperature of this current and the coldness of the shallows, where the lower strata unite with the upper, along the borders or edges of the Bank, by Blagden, Jonathan Williams, and Benjamin Franklin.

Let us now direct our attention to the equatorial current; after which there will be no difficulty in tracing out the whole system of circulation established for THE SEA. On referring to the maps, we find the extreme breadth of the Pacific, north of the equator, to be four thousand five hundred and fifty marine leagues, or thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty miles—between South America and New Holland, in latitude 30 dgs. S., it is only two thousand nine hundred and seventy leagues, or eight thousand nine hundred and ten miles; the Atlantic, which is about one thousand miles in width at the narrowest part, between Europe and Greenland, outstretches itself to sixty degrees of longitude, under the Northern tropic, where it is four thousand one hundred and seventy miles in width, without including the Gulf of Mexico.

"Between the tropics, and especially from the coast of Senegal to the Caribbean Sea, the general current, and that which was earliest known to mariners, flows from east to west," and is called the equatorial or equinoctial current. Its average rapidity is about the same in the Atlantic and Southern Ocean, and "may be estimated there," says the Baron Von Humboldt, "at nine or ten miles in twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one-hundredths of a foot every second of time; while between the tropics, it varies from five to eighteen miles in twenty-four hours, or from one third of a foot to one and two tenths per second." Upon this fact, it may be well to fix our attention—it may help us hereafter, while hunting for the cause, to know that between the tropics the current runs faster than elsewhere, and that, although the western equinoctial current is felt as high up as 28 dgs. N. latitude, and about as far South, it "is felt but feebly," to use the language of Humboldt himself.

Let us now endeavour to trace this equatorial current. "The eastern point of South America being in upwards of 6 dgs. S. latitude, the great mass of ocean-flood is unequally divided. South from Cape St. Roque, the current is turned down the coast of South America, and between 30 dgs. and 40 dgs. S. latitude reacts toward Africa. North, from Cape St. Roque, it bends to a general course N. 62 dgs. W., and with the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, maintains that direction to the mouth of Rio Grande del Norte, two thousand five hundred and sixty miles. Along this coast, the equinoctial current is inflected northward, and augmented by constant accumulations from the east; the whole body, pouring through the various inlets between the Windward Islands of the West Indies into the Caribbean Sea, and thence between Cuba and Yucatan into the Gulf of Mexico. In the latter reservoir it has reached its utmost elevation, and again rushes out into the Atlantic, through the Cuba and Bahama, or Florida Channels, and sweeping along the coast of the United States and Nova Scotia to about 50 dgs. N. latitude, meets the Arctic current from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean—two leading facts relied upon by the celebrated St. Pierre, who undertook to supply the acknowledged inefficiency of Sir Isaac Newton's theory of the tides, by showing that they proceeded from the daily fusion of the polar ices—"a capital theory, no doubt," said a member of the Academy, "but contradicted by the facts." "After meeting the Arctic currents from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean, this prodigious mass of water is turned towards Europe and the north-west of Africa, and is finally merged in its original source within the tropics." Here is the end of the Gulf Stream, and the beginning of the equatorial.

And now let us look after the causes and the consequences of this extraordinary system of circulation. Apart from the tides—owing no allegiance to that law, whereby two mighty waves are

always lifting themselves up on opposite sides of the earth, and rushing together in worship of her—"Night's shadowy Queen!"

— Whose pearly chariot driven
Across the starry wilderness of Heaven."

"sets all the tides and goblets flowing," undisturbed alike by the daily revolution of the earth upon her own axis, and by her yearly revolution about the sun—what is it that originated, and what is it that upholds the extraordinary system of circulation, we have been considering? Are we to say it is a miracle, and stop there? Are we to acknowledge it a mystery, and go no further? Is it for this that we are gifted as we are, and called together by the stars themselves—the interpreters of God—to judge of him by his works?

Holding, that where one cause will explain a given effect, it were a waste of time to look for another, we are disposed to believe that this great "whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent" originated with and is maintained by the heat of the sun, and by nothing else. To say that it is effected by the pressure of the trade-winds is to mistake one of the effects, at least, for the cause. To say that it is owing to a higher temperature of the waters themselves under the equator—to their greater degree of saltness—or to unequal evaporation, though true enough as a part of the process, and representing successive and beautifully-adjusted stages of the operation, would bring us not one step nearer the truth, if treated as the efficient or proximate cause. Nor should we help the matter one jot or tittle, by referring the whole to the joint or separate attractions of the sun and moon, or to the daily and yearly revolutions of the earth. All these have their influences—but they are not, neither separately nor together, the real cause of that astonishing system of circulation which we are labouring to get acquainted with.

Let us now try to find out the cause for ourselves. We will suppose the earth stationary—the whole ocean at rest—the atmosphere itself stagnant and motionless—the sun riding high in heaven—the whole pretty much as we find the sea described by Coleridge in his great picture calm:

"Day after day—day after day,
We felt nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

Under these conditions, what would be the natural and immediate consequences to the sea from the laws already established?

The sun up—the stagnant atmosphere would be stagnant no longer. The whole mass would begin to stir with new life—to burn with bright commotion. Flushing and trembling through all its depths, and filled with penetrating warmth, how could it continue motionless for a single hour?

In the language of science, the atmosphere would be rarified—made thinner and lighter by the warmth of the sun. It would lift itself up and spread itself out on every side. That uniformity of pressure which, as with the hand of God himself, keeps the Sea in her place, would be partially withdrawn. It would begin to stir with new life, and thither to that particular spot the waters of the great deep would hurry from all parts of the earth, and pile themselves up; and if the Earth herself were to continue motionless, while the sun was blazing steadily upon the sea, through an illuminated atmosphere, trembling and shivering with vitality, it would be contrary to all that we are acquainted with in the laws of motion. There would be such hurricanes and whirlpools, for ever and ever, multiplying and spreading themselves on every side, that the Earth herself would begin to revolve—or to stagger, if she did not revolve, along her appointed path.

But leaving this part of our inquiry, let us now suppose the Earth set in motion, exactly as we find her; the sun and the moon working together just as they are now, and what would be the inevitable consequences to the sea?

Within the tropics, we find all the waters of a region spreading itself out on each side of the equator to the extent of twenty-three and one half degrees of latitude, constituting a belt of forty-seven degrees in width, encompassing the whole earth, continually

operated upon by the heat of the sun, just as we have supposed. The atmosphere in that region, therefore, must be continually rarified, and always lighter than elsewhere. The atmospheric pressure upon the sea being, therefore, always less in that region than beyond it, on either side of the equator, the waters there must always be somewhat higher.

And now the waters are piled up, and the earth in motion from west to east—of course, they—the waters—would begin to flow in a contrary direction, that is, from east to west, if they were not acted upon by other causes, or prevented by certain peculiarities of structure in the earth; and we have but to take a map, or an artificial globe, and trace the circulation of the sea, from its beginning, as the equatorial current within the tropics, until, as the Gulf Stream, it finds its way back there, and is “merged in its original source,” to find these very phenomena happening—and happening, too, in the very order mentioned!

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. VII.

WALKS ABOUT MACAO.

As my residence was very near to the aviary of Mr. Beale, the lighter slumbers of day-dawn were often dissipated by the loud and dolorous call of the gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*), as it swung from branch to branch; the heart-cheering note of the Chinese black-bird; or the stentorian halloo of the Paradise bird. I used to rise at the summons, and after the ordinary rites of purification, and an offering of confessions and thanks to my Maker, set forth for a stroll upon the Penha, a line of hills on the western side of Macao. On my way I seldom missed the native pie, which though a solitary bird has a laughing note, as if its heart were full of glee. It is only solitary in reference to its own kind, as it delights in the society and neighbourhood of man. If my walk preceded sunrise, I was indulged with a song from the shrike, which, though it utters a loud, harsh, and ear-grating cry all the rest of the day, has a very pretty wee bit of a song for the early passenger. As we climb the unequal height of these hills, we never fail to see a bevy or two of dogs, who seem to meet for consultation, and also, it may be as, a court of requests to try delinquent curs for their misdemeanours; for now and then the whole bevy, by common consent, chase away one of their number, and heap every kind of indignity upon him in his disastrous flight. A path cut along the slope of the hill nearest the town has on one side a nest of gardens, where the tree aloe forms a conspicuous figure, near a fence of the fair and sweet-scented alpinia, and various groups of fig and other trees of constant verdure. On the other side of the path, as we pass along, we find a small inclosure, with a summer house, and a profusion of different kinds of *amavaush*. If our excursion is very early, the Chinese washerman passes us as he hies towards a scanty stream of water, where he finds an element prepared to his hand, turns a grip into a keeler, and mounts a copper upon a mass of earth hollowed out for a furnace. In this way he obtains all the essentials of the wash-house, and cheerfully plies his task from morn to eve, and teaches us that to be happy, in the qualified sense of the word, one has only to be occupied. At the termination of this walk is the basin, into which a fountain distils in a small crystal stream. It is an enchanting spot in miniature, where, shut up by the shrubs that fringe the platform on which he is standing, the visitor may well lose himself in studious musings. If he happens to visit it in spring-tide, his reverie would be interrupted ever and anon by a strange sound, like the striking together of two metallic bodies, which seems to proceed from some of the eminences above him. He looks round with expectation, and as he can hear nothing like the rustle or footfall of a living creature, he gazes on every object with wonder and surprise. At length, perchance, after half-a-score visits to the same spot, he discovers, by accident, that these strange sounds proceed from the frogs near the margin of the basin, just by the spot whereon he is standing. He thus sees an example of a truth in acoustics, that in order to give a guess

as to the spot from whence any sound proceeds, it is necessary to be familiar with that sound itself.

In the early part of the day, except in the hotter seasons of the year, it was my custom to walk through a street that runs nearly parallel with the Praya grande, or frontage occupied by European dwellings. This street is chiefly occupied by Chinese, who sell to foreigners the productions of the country, and inversely to natives the goods that come from abroad. These men speak Portuguese, in a corrupted form, with fluency, and not unfrequently a little English, mutilated and mixed up with foreign words, after a very odd fashion. Many of these fellows are very impudent, and seem, while they get their bread by strangers, to despise them the more heartily on that account. If the customer puts the question in Chinese, he was not considered worthy of having it returned in the same language. Of this I saw many examples, till by our perseverance they were fairly made ashamed of themselves. There were others who formed exceptions to this, and became the first to compliment us with some terms of honourable addition. By means of the latter many copies of the New Testament were circulated, and some read apparently with great interest. The first-fruits of success among them seemed to promise that they would, if my stay had been prolonged, have been very useful instruments, not only in diffusing the sacred volume, but also in creating a taste for reading it. Wearing apparel for both sexes, not excepting the lady's bonnet, is prepared by men, who sit on each side of a long table, and work in the most harmonious and cheerful assiduity. As labour is cheap in China, their charges are very reasonable. In these shops the strolling musician, the minstrels of the country, often find entertainment; their songs are listened to with attention, and their services rewarded by a small donation. When a foreigner draws near, and plants himself in the midst of the auditory, they profess to despise the music, and make him the subject of jest and ridicule. My anxiety to become acquainted with everything Chinese, readily induced me to bear with equanimity any smiles or jeers that they could use, till I had learned the name of the instrument, noted the manner of performance, and formed a judgment of the effect. This changed the aspect of things, for the wildest among the Chinese grows interested the moment he sees a foreigner marking with attention anything that the country affords. He accepts it as an indirect and tacit compliment, and forthwith begins to entertain a respect for that *fan kwei* who thus shows himself a man of observation. It would not be very entertaining to describe any instruments I may at any time have seen in the hands of these bards, and to communicate an idea of their effects would be impossible. But I may mention one musician, who, for simplicity of apparatus, could not be surpassed. He ate his rice, with a modicum of meat, fish, &c., when he could get them, out of a blue and white saucer, by the help of two chop-sticks, which were two pieces of wood squared and coloured. These, as the reader knows, are but a wooden knife and fork in their original simplicity; and on this occasion served the purpose of a musical instrument or dining utensils at pleasure. He held the saucer in his left hand, and placing one stick between the ring and middle finger, was enabled to move and strike it upon the bottom of the vessel as the rhythm required. With the right hand he held the other stick, and rolled it upon the edge of the saucer, or beat it with a springing stroke, in a fantastic and playful manner. This formed the accompaniment to a song with a quavering and plaintive air, which seemed to afford the auditors great pleasure, who listened with that help from association which the poor foreigner lacked, and which, after all, is one of the main ingredients of all our pleasurable feelings.

The termination of the street, in which we are supposed to be wending our way, introduces us to a square, where the Senate-house and the Foundling make their appearance. This open space affords room for the fortune-tellers, druggists, and all kinds of dealers in “inconsiderate trifles.” In the front of the senate-house, on my left hand, sat a youth, who advertised his pretensions by a pair of showy placards, with several other items of announcement. I once presented him with a gospel, which he received

without forgetting the supercilious leer that pertains to a scholar fully satisfied with his own attainments. On another occasion I advanced towards his table, as he was surrounded with a circle of admirers, with a book in my pocket, which was intended for teaching the Chinese to Manchoo Tartars. It was after the Hamiltonian system, and had the words of the two languages in corresponding columns; for the Manchoo Tartars, like the Chinese, Japanese, and Coreans, write from top to bottom. As the little volume was just peering above the edge of its lodging place, it caught the eye of the scholar, who held out his hand and demanded a sight of it. This demand was immediately complied with, and the book was handed for his learned inspection. It is a book with "foreign characters," he remarked, as his eye travelled up and down the columns. "They are Manchoo characters," said the stranger, interposing. "They are foreign characters," rejoined the scholar, who, from some defect in the accent, did not catch the sense of the words. The stranger then took a pencil, and wrote upon the white metallic plate used by all these fortune-tellers, "they are the characters of *Taon kwang*," the present emperor of China. As it is customary for natives to applaud a foreigner whenever he gets the better of a Chinese in a matter of scholarship, the stranger looked round for a contribution of smiles and acclaims; but instead thereof, he saw an agonizing frown upon every face, in the midst of an ominous silence. He wondered at first, but upon reflection he recollected that he had thus innocently struck upon a string that vibrated very harshly in the ear of a Chinese. He feels that his prince is the fountain of honour, and is taught to regard him as the pattern of all perfection. Merged in good feelings and sentiments, he forgets, may be, that the archetype of perfection is a foreigner, a Tartar, and has been so ever since 1644, when the northern bands overran the country, and added a foreign yoke to that of despotism. It is such incidents as these that teach us that the least sensitive of the people may easily be made to feel the humiliation of stooping to an alien sway. I had given no offence, for one of the bystanders came up as I was asking a Chinaman some questions the next day, and said a great deal more about my acquaintance with Manchoo, Mandarin, and so forth, than I deserved. A short distance from this table some of the travelling dealers in simples usually spread forth their wares. A cloth is extended upon the ground, some bottles of earthenware, a variety of paper parcels, and a large assortment of pitch plasters are placed in order upon it. Placards are laid upon the ground, or set up by the help of a bottle or something of the sort, which gives the spectator an outline of what he has to expect from the vender's skill and stock. One of these happened to be a man from one of the middle provinces of China, Keenignan, if I understood him rightly, who, of course, used a different dialect from that of Macao and Canton, but who contrived, by accommodation, to make himself understood by the crowd. I found him, at our first interview, occupied in a case of surgery, though, as will presently appear, of a very humble description as to the result. A poor sightless man, charmed with the elocution and fluency of the quack, consented to place himself upon a stool that he might undergo an operation for the recovery of his sight. The man of adroitness then cut a seam behind the ear, and squeezed and rubbed the conch to elicit a maximum quantity of blood. As soon as this was over, he, with much apparent eagerness, asked if the patient could see the light, who, raising his eyes, replied in the negative. The operator, no ways abashed, forthwith began to say what he would do for restoring his sight, if certain conditions were first fulfilled, to which the poor fellow replied at every cadence, by saying, "I have no money." At the further corner of this square we enter a narrow street filled with shops for the sale of all kinds of vegetables, fresh and dried fish, with a variety of articles for the use of the Portuguese, as well as the Chinaman. It is here we often see the former chaffering for a root or a miserable fish, for many of them are very poor, and disdain every kind of manual labour. They are, once for all, a wretched set, if we except a few of the better families, inflated on one hand by pride, and trodden down into the mire of ignorance by the domination of a swarm of priests on the other,

who are the worst mannered and least instructed that are to be found within the pale of the papal hierarchy. At the end of this street we obliquely enter another, with large shops on each side, furnished with ladies' shoes, books, draperies, dressing-cases, tobacco, ropes, earthenware, rice, cakes, &c., where the industrious native may purchase, at an easy price, whatever his means will afford. Some of the shops are limited to one sort of goods, as dried fish, ropes, baskets, and shoes, for example; others contain an assortment of almost everything that is pretty or useful. I often rested in one where they sold musical instruments, glass bottles, in imitation of the European fashion, copper boxes for opium, and almost a countless variety of articles beside. The buyers as they pass, stop, gaze awhile, demand the shopman's price, offer their own, and march off to the next. Ere they have got many paces the shopman calls them back, and makes an abatement in the original demand, which, being deemed insufficient, is rejected; and the buyer starts off afresh, but is immediately summoned back with an announcement of another reduction, and after hearing some of the shopman's eulogies, the latter advances a trifle upon his first offer, and thus the parties gradually approach each other, till the bargain, after much debate, is either given up or completed. There is a great deal of apparent warmth in all this, but nothing that leaves the bitterness of anger behind, it being fully understood that it is the tradesman's duty to get the highest price possible for his goods, and the buyer's to obtain them at the least cost he is able. It is amusing to see how little girls who come to spend a few cash for some trifle enter into the spirit of this practice. As I was one day sitting in the same shop, one of these little maidens, with a child slung at her back, asked the price of some scarlet cord, which exceeding her expectations, she threw it down in a great passion, and remained stationary for some time in a sullen muse. I spoke kindly to her, but was answered with a frown. At length a playmate came by, and was instantly pursued by the angry girl, who was too pleased with the notice of a foreigner to resist the temptation of telling her joy to another. I have more than once intimated in these papers, that whatever affectation may assume in China, young and old, rich and poor, male or female, are alike infallibly moved with a sort of enchantment, the moment they find themselves the objects of the stranger's notice or complacency. Another of these experienced buyers came for three cash worth, about one-third of a penny, of blue dye; the shopman gave her three spoonfuls for her money, when, after standing a moment in breathless astonishment, she demanded, with a shout, whether that was all he meant to give her? To appease her he added another spoonful, and off she went to congratulate herself upon the bargain she had made. "It is naught, naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way he boasteth."

This street terminates in the market-place, where all kinds of vegetable, fish, fowl, and meat are sold in abundance. In the winter we have a profusion of oranges, which are sold, when stripped of their peel, to the native for one cash, or the tenth part of a penny. In the early part of the summer we see large quantities of unripe peaches, plums, and so on, which the people, old and young, devour very eagerly, for they love a sour taste, and slight the unwholesome tendency of such questionable fare. These are succeeded by the leichees, a fruit, when fresh, with a transparent pulp of very keen acidity, and one that is relished by the same acid-loving folks while it lacks both its proper size and flavour. In close connexion with this fondness for sour fruit, is the Chinaman's taste for pickles. All kinds of drupaceous fruit, plums, peaches, &c., and every sort of edible root, ginger, radish, &c., are preserved in vinegar, and eaten for the sake of the relish they give to rice and meat. The vinegar employed for this purpose has nothing to recommend it, either in scent or appearance; and as no kind of spice is put into it to flavour and preserve the fruit or root, foreigners feel no temptation to share with the native in the use of this delicacy. Beside, they are not kept in jars or bottles, but are set forth in tubs well piled, and in prodigious quantities, to attract the olfactory of the passengers. At the large shop for the

sale of these things, hard by the residence of the chief magistrate, I have sometimes inquired the name of some particular fruit, and received a very obliging answer, for which I presented the master with a copy of the New Testament. The house of the chief magistrate presents a wretched exterior, and might be likened, not unfitly, to one of our country workhouses, before such edifices began to be replaced by the splendid structures which we now see starting up in various parts of the country. The interior is perhaps of a different complexion, for the ladies that live within its walls are remarkable for their gorgeous apparel; and after I had the pleasure of seeing some fourteen of them in their visit to Beale's residence, I have often asked myself in substance, as I passed, where can so much comeliness and gaiety find a proper lodging in this miserable house of correction? The beadsles and police-officers that used to throng the door at times were a very sorry set; and it strikes me, that only the worst of men, who are unable or unwilling to work for a reputable livelihood, will condescend to accept such appointments. I have now and then seen an enormous cangue upon the neck of some naughty fellow, who was condemned to stand certain hours for public scorn. In fact, this cangue, or wooden collar, is nothing but a sort of moveable pillory, and the counterpart of that disgraceful punishment among our forefathers, happily laid aside in these days of Christian benevolence. The cangue is sometimes worn by a Chinese culprit for a month at a time; and as the hand cannot be put to the mouth, the wearer must be fed by others.

I once saw some of these sorry rogues of officers leading away a poor fellow by a chain round his neck, from whose mouth the blood was streaming. I looked on the crowd to see what pity such a spectacle might raise in the bosoms of those who looked on, but could observe few traces of genuine passion. Some said, "He is a bad man, and has been dealing in opium," a crime of which, perhaps, only a few shopmen in Macao could plead guiltless, and yet no one seemed to feel for the criminal. He had been beaten upon the mouth with a flat piece of bamboo, perhaps to the number of sixty blows, that he might have something in the shape of pain and anguish to digest in the loathsome den of a Chinese prison. How happy would China be were Christian legislation to cast only a ray or two of its benign influences upon the judicial proceedings and the prison-discipline in that country! At another time I witnessed a sight of a less revolting character—nay, one in which sympathy was fain to take a pleasurable part. A native was bent upon going into the gootang's (a magistrate's) hall, to state his own view of a certain case, which a large crowd of officers were determined to prevent. The man struggled to get forward, but the officers thrust him back, tore his clothes, and ploughed deep furrows in his flesh with their long nails—those emblems of idleness. This usage daunted not his courage a whit; and what was a great deal better, did not ruffle his temper. The conscientious feeling that he was right seemed to animate him with a spontaneous cheerfulness, and lighted up a smile in his face that was a great contrast to the angry scowl of his opponents. Before we take leave of the magistrate's dwelling, let us say a word about the Chinaman's tail, which seems to have a closer relation to the bench and the prison-house than anticipation might have led us to conjecture, unaided by experience. When an injured or an offended person has a mind to bring the object of his displeasure to justice *per compendium*, by a short cut, he seizes him by the queue and hales him, amidst uproar and noise, directly to the magistrate's house. When a police-runner would secure the flying culprit, he grasps the unlucky tail, and escape is next to impossible, for the prisoner can neither fight nor run. It has been my lot to witness this in several instances, and I have taken occasion to tell the bystanders that this *peen*, or tail, was a very bad thing, and that a man had better cut it off than live in danger of such humiliating usage. The tail, I have somewhere said, is the badge of slavery; but here we see it is not only the badge, but a very convenient instrument of the same.

After passing the magistrate's office a few paces, we find ourselves upon one of the quays of the inner harbour, and from

thence get a view of Green Island, situate in the middle of it, the island called the Lapa, and the hills upon the island of Heang Shan. The hospital of the Medical Missionary Society, a capacious and well-built edifice, capable of accommodating two hundred patients of the in-door class, with a large inclosure and out-buildings for the temporary lodgment of such as come from a distance, and yet have no need of the watchful care of an hospital. In our walks we sometimes took our path through the narrow and long-drawn streets of a Chinese village, where the everlasting barking of the curs made a troublesome discord in our attempts to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with the inhabitants. Some of the houses are neat, with only one aperture in front for light and entrance; others are less respectable; and not a few wear a miserable aspect, not so much, perhaps, from the wants of the inhabitants, as from a disregard of cleanliness. But we do not see worse sights in Macao than we may find any day we choose in London and all large cities, where the opulence of one class seems to draw from the resources of the other. Yet I allow that the personal uncleanness of a Chinese is greater than I remember to have witnessed in any other country where it has been my lot to travel. The natural result of this is a brood of cutaneous disorders, which in frequency and assortment are not to be matched in any other part of the world, if we except Arabia, which seems to have been the cradle of many of those disorders which infest Europeans. After crossing a bridge composed of single slabs of granite twenty feet long, we make our way by the head of the inner harbour towards the village of Mongha, and pass a small guard-house on our way. We have occasionally stopped here to talk with the inmates, who were always a merry set of fellows. The wife of the principal was, like many of her countrywomen, clear-headed, sober, and quick of apprehension. When the strangers expressed themselves imperfectly, or with a wrong accent, she easily caught their meaning, and kindly set them right. The weapons consisted of various kinds of pikes, which made a formidable appearance; but the more terrible an instrument is in figure, the less effective is it in use. Leaving the guard-house on our right, we pursue our way by a paved road towards the Barrier, and pass under the shelter of a hill well covered with trees and shrubs, in the midst of which stands a neglected temple that affords a lodging to the forlorn and houseless beggar. And now I speak of beggars, I am reminded that not far from this spot I threw some copper pieces to one, who seeing that I had mingled a piece of silver with them by mistake, spontaneously brought it back again. Before we reach the peninsula on which the barrier stands, we cross the area of a Buddhist temple, where, save at day-fall, when the drum beats for vespers, all is stillness and tranquillity. It is a line of buildings in front, which are sacred, with many domiciles behind, and is delightfully shaded by Indian fig-trees. A charming spot for the operations of some two or three zealous missionaries who, instead of living in listless apathy and dreaming unconcern like the priests of Buddh, would give themselves to the work of instructing the poor people around them, who would soon rejoice at the change. For the least instructed among the natives have sense enough to observe the difference between those who live for themselves, and those who live and act mainly for the good of others. If once the arm of despotic power be broken, there will be no field for missionary efforts like that of China. I long to see that preliminary effected. The isthmus whereon the barrier stands is soft and sandy, save where the tread of frequent passengers has reduced a certain line to a comparative hardness. It is on this narrow neck of land that the foreign inhabitants of Macao, both male and female, display their horsemanship. In this exercise they are never joined by Chinese, for the native horses seen in the south are an ill-groomed and badly-conditioned race of animals, and would therefore make a sorry figure by the side of the graceful and high-mettled steeds used by foreigners. The governor's stud at Canton may have something more sightly, since he has a veterinary surgeon to look after their health, and who sent me a book on the treatment of disorders incident to this noble animal, written by his own hand, and

altogether the result of his own experience. This neck of land is crossed by a wall, with something like a tower in the middle, perforated by a wide door, which is guarded by two large pieces of ordnance. The garrison is composed of about sixty men, who live in dwellings behind the wall, and are in their outward bearing, whatever their prowess may be, but a poor apology for soldiers. Such a group of ugly fellows it was not my chance to see in any other spot in the south of China. The natives entertain a strong opinion as to the correspondence between the lineaments of the outward and inward man, for on their stage they never allow a person with an ill-favoured visage to do a well-beseeming act. A part of this wall was once broken down, which tempted a companion of mine to take a look behind it. This aroused the attention of the watchmen, who from the top of another part of the wall upbraided the strangers for their temerity; and to impress them with proper sentiments of respect, sent one of their champions to display his activities before them. This personage threw himself into a variety of menacing attitudes, looked fiercely, and accompanied each remarkable evolution of body by something between a bark and a shout. At this his admirers laughed aloud, as if noise had been a proper substitute for blows. I observed his movements long enough to satisfy myself that nothing but show was intended, and then turned and left him in the full enjoyment of all the honours he had won. In our way back we pass again, on the other side, the village of Mongha, which is fairly seated in a grove, though the tenements and the aspect of the tenants ill accord with such a rural scene. Here, again, we see a temple within a large area, well shaded by trees, and finely situated for contemplation and retirement. A few priests, with their clean shaven heads, may always be seen, who spend their hours in thoughtless silence or in unmeaning chit-chat. After quitting the village, we usually cross a pleasant expanse of rice-fields, studded with here and there a cottage. At one of these lived a dropsical patient of mine, who, after he was cured of the complaint, never forgot the debt he owed to his benefactor. A friend said to him many months after his recovery, "You are well now;" "Ah," said he, "thanks to the gentleman." If we prefer another route, we pass through a lane walled high by nature's own materials, encounter the glancing butterfly, and listen to the harsh notes of the evening shrike, as he summons his companions to seek a shelter for the night among the recesses of a grove that clusters upon the slope of a distant hill. At this hour we meet not a few specimens of British fair, some mounted upon horses, some waded in the capacious and elegant sedan of China, and many who have a taste for exercise, afoot; among them many of the generous sons of our favoured isle, in whom the poor native rarely misses a benefactor.

A troop of Macao Portuguese presents a scope for the physiognomist of no ordinary interest; for, from the fashion of intermarrying with natives of all countries, the Macao people have blended all the varieties of the human race, so that a lecturer might select such a troop for the theme of his discourse, and point out one by one all the chief characteristics of the different families of mankind. He would not lack matter for entertainment, for a man must be very sad indeed who could look on such a motley sisterhood without feeling a strong propensity to laugh. Now and then we see a bevy or group of Chinese gentlemen from the north of China; these are distinguished by their love of recreation, and by the shrike or butcher-bird, which they carry upon a cross in their hands. The bird is like ours, remarkable for its spirit; and, as we see in China, not less so for its docility. It is this that has rendered it a great pet, though it is commonly accused of eating its own father and mother; which is a fable, I take it, as it feeds on lizards, worms, and other vermin, in a wild state, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing.

On our return, we wind along through shady alleys, over a green lawn, and so on till we reach the front street of Macao, where a moon-shaped range of buildings makes a very goodly

figure, and shows what an immense advantage the architecture of the West has over that of China, wherever either effect or accommodation is concerned. But here we pause; and we may also intimate here, that two or three papers more will bring this series on "China and the Chinese" to a close.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

WHEN Robert Burns was a very young lad, he had happened at an ale-house to fall into a company consisting of several sectarians and members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their respective persuasions, and were upon the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, "Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of peace made the cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled among half-a-dozen of honest women, over a cup of caudle, after a baptism. They were as different in opinion, and each as tough in disputation, as you are, till a wife, that had said not a word, spoke up—'Kimmers, ye are a' for letting folk hae but ae road to heeven. Its a puir place that has but ae gate til't. There's mair than four gait to ilka bothy in Highlands or Lowlands, and it's no canny to say ther's but ae gait to the mansions of the blessed.'" The disputants of the ale-house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the merriments of carlings over their cups of caudle.

THE HARP.

A GHOST STORY.

THE secretary and his young wife were yet in the gay and glittering spring of life. Neither interest nor a mere passing inclination had united them. No; love, ardent, long-tried love had been the seal of their union. They had early become acquainted with each other's sentiments; but the delay of Sellner's preferment had constrained him to put off the completion of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and the next Sunday he led his true love, as his wife, to his new dwelling. After the long and constrained days of congratulation and of family festivals, they could at length enjoy the fair evening in cordial solitude, undisturbed by any third person. Plans for their future life, Sellner's flute, and Josepha's harp, filled up those hours, which only appeared too short for the lovers; and the sweet harmony of their tones was to them a fair prelude of their future days. One evening, they had enjoyed themselves so long with their music, that Josepha began to complain of the headache. She had concealed an indisposition which she had experienced in the morning from her anxious consort, and an, at first, unimportant attack of fever was, by the excitement of the music and the exertion of the mind, the more increased, as she had from her youth suffered much from weak nerves. She now concealed it no longer from her husband, but anxiously sent Sellner after a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised that she would be much better in the morning. But, after an extremely restless night, during which she was constantly delirious, the physician found poor Josepha in a state which had all the symptoms of strong nervous fever. He employed all the proper means, but Josepha's illness got daily worse.

On the ninth day, Josepha herself felt that her weak nerves would no longer sustain this malady; indeed, the physician had already mentioned it to Sellner before. She knew, herself, that her last hour was come, and with tranquil resignation she awaited her fate.

"Dear Edward," said she to her husband, as she drew him for the last time to her breast, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth, in which I have found thee, and found true happiness in thy love; but now I may no longer remain happy in thine arms, yet shall Josepha's love still hover o'er thee, as thy good angel, until we meet again on high!"

Having said this, she sank back, and fell asleep for ever! It was nine o'clock in the evening. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he struggled long for life; the shock had destroyed his health; and when, after many weeks' illness he recovered, there

was no more the strength of youth in his limbs; he sank into a hollow melancholy, and evidently faded away. A deep sadness took place of his despair, and a silent sorrow hallowed the memory of his beloved! He had Josepha's chamber left in the same state in which it was before her death. On a work-table lay her needle-work, and in the corner was her harp, silent and untouched. Every evening did Sellner go on a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love, took his flute, leaned, as in the times past of his happiness, on the window, and breathed, in mournful tones, his regret for the beloved shade!

Once he stood thus, lost in fancy, in Josepha's chamber. A clear moonlight night wafted to him its gentle breezes through the open window, and from a neighbouring castle tower the watchman called the hour of nine—the harp woke its tones again, as if swept by the breath of a spirit. Strangely surprised, he let his flute be still, and with it ceased the echo of the harp. He sang now with deep emotion Josepha's favourite air; and louder and stronger did the strings resound the melody, while their tones accorded in perfect unison! He sank in joyous emotion on the earth, and spread his arms to embrace the beloved shade. Suddenly he felt himself breathed on, as if by the warm breath of spring, and a pale and glimmering light flew over him! Strongly inspired, he called out,

"I know thee, beloved shade of my sainted Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover o'er me with thy love, and that promise thou hast fulfilled. I feel thy breath—thy kisses on my lip; I feel myself embraced by thy glory!"

With deeper bliss he seized anew the flute; and the harp sounded again, but yet lower and lower, until its whispers dissolved in distant and indistinct sounds!

Sellner's whole faculties were powerfully excited by the apparition of this evening; he threw himself, restless, on his bed, and in his feverish dreams the whispers of the harp yet called on him again. He awoke late; and harassed with the phantasies of the night, he felt his whole being wondrously affected; and a voice was alive in him, which was the anticipation of a speedy dissolution, and which indicated the victory of the soul over the body. With infinite desire he awaited the evening, and passed it in Josepha's chamber.

He had already lulled himself into a sweet dream by means of his flute, when it struck nine—and scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed, when the harp began to sound softly, until at length it vibrated in full accord. As his flute ceased, the spirit tones ceased with it; the pale and glimmering light flew over him again, and in his bliss he could only utter the words,

"Josepha! Josepha! take me to thy faithful breast!"

For the present, the harp took leave with the light and trembling tones, till its whispers again were lost in low and trembling sounds!

Strangely affected by the occurrences of the evening, Sellner, as before, tottered back to his chamber. His faithful servant was alarmed with the appearance of his master, and hastened, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary, to the physician, who was, at the same time, an old friend of Sellner's. He found him with an attack of fever of the same symptoms as Josepha had, but of far stronger kind. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josepha and of the harp. In the morning he was more composed; for the great struggle was over, and he felt, clearly, that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician did not perceive it.

The patient disclosed to his friend what had taken place on both evenings; and no opposition of the cool-minded man could bring him from his opinion. As the evening came on, he grew yet weaker, and begged, with trembling voice, to be carried to Josepha's chamber. This was done. With infinite serenity he gazed around, hailed its fair recollections with silent tears, and spoke calmly, but firmly, of the hour of nine, as the time of his death. The decisive moment approached, and he desired all to quit his chamber, after he had bid them farewell, except the physician, who persisted

in remaining. The ninth hour at length sounded hollow from the castle tower; Sellner's face was transformed, and a strong impulse gushed on his pallid countenance!

"Josepha," he cried, as if impelled by Heaven, "Josepha, hail me yet once more on my departure, that I may feel thee near, and may overcome death by thy love!"

'Then rang the strings of the harp in tones loud and brilliant as the songs of victory, and over the departing one waved a glimmering light.

"I come! I come!" he said, and sank back, struggling for life.

Yet lower and lower rang the tones of the harp; his last strength was now exhausted by convulsion, and as he departed, the harp-strings broke at once, as if torn by a spirit's hand!

The physician, trembling, closed the eyes of the deceased (who, notwithstanding his contest with death, lay as in a gentle slumber,) and left the house in deep emotion. For a long time, he was unable to dismiss from his mind the impression of this scene; and he observed a strict silence as to the last moments of his friend; until at length, in an hour of social confidence, he imparted to some friends the occurrence of this evening, and at the same time showed them the harp, which he had received as a last legacy from the deceased.—*From the German of Korner.*

INTELLECTUALITY OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. II.

"But it is not only horses that are ill treated. There is that poor little inferior beast, the ass, that appears to be consigned, by general consent, to all the wrongs that the lowest of the human race may inflict; the urchin's sport, the tinker's drudge. Suppose, besides the cross marked on his withers, the reason why it has been considered a religious animal is its patient endurance of contumely and injury; and is he a fool for that? No; I think he deserves credit for it; and if the truth were known, he has often more wit than his master. I have read of a man who undertook to teach an ass Greek. There are two-legged fellows, every one knows, crammed with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and yet they are downright donkeys. John Wesley tells of an ass that, while he was preaching, walked gravely up to the door of the chapel, stood stock-still, put forward his long ears, and remained in a posture of pious attention all the time of the sermon. I myself once saw something like that.

"I was at a country church in Munster: there was a large congregation, the day was sultry, and all the windows were open to let in the air; and the minister was in the middle of his sermon, which was muddy in doctrine, prosy in its composition, and altogether mighty soporific; when, lo! an ass that was grazing in the churchyard, put in his head and ears through the window, just opposite the pulpit, and set up a long and loud bray. The effect of the double discourse was irresistible. Laughter could not be controlled, until all were brought back to seriousness by seeing the minister's wife carried out in a fainting fit.

"I assert, that were you to make yourselves acquainted with asses you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgelled, and he got something better to graze on than thistles. Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king's fool, proved the ablest animal about the place; and, like others, having more wit than good manners, he was for ever not only going, but leading other cattle, into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open—there was not a fence but he would climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying for sheer wantonness, in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept.

"I could relate some curious instances of their memory for persons and places, and their attachment to individuals—I shall

allude but to two; one, the well-known story of Captain Dundas's ass, that he had shipped from Gibraltar to Malta; and when a storm came on, when far on their voyage, and the vessel was in such danger that all the live-stock was thrown overboard, the ass swam to shore at Cape de Gat, and in an incredibly short space of time made his way over the rivers and mountains of the Ronda for two hundred miles, until he found himself standing at the door of his master's stable at Gibraltar. But this is a book-story, and the thing happened far away. I shall tell you what I know of an ass. There is a lady resident in a parish where I was for some years minister. She is the most tender-hearted of the human race; her tenderness, though a general feeling, is principally confined to the lower animals: I am disposed to think, that if in Turkey or India, she would leave all her worldly goods to endow an hospital for deserted, disowned, and abused animals. Well, this lady was walking along the road, and she met a train of tinkers proceeding towards Connaught, and one tall, tan-skinned, black-haired, curly-polled fellow, in all the excited cruelty of drunkenness, was belabouring his ass's sides with a blackthorn cudgel. This was too much for my friend. She first rated the man for his barbarity; she might as well have scolded Beelzebub. She then coaxed the ruffian, and asked him would he sell the creature, which he consented at once to do, asking of course three times the common price. You may judge of the joy of this amiable woman, when the beast, now her own ass, was relieved from its panniers, allowed to roll about in the dust, and graze at liberty. For a long time she kept him perfectly idle, until he recovered his spirits; then he became troublesome, and would break his bonds, and used to go a braying and curvetting, and seeking for asinine society, all over the country. Idleness is, certainly, after all, a bad thing for asses as well as men; and so this capricious fellow found it; for shortly a tinker (perhaps the very one who sold it) stole it; and for three or four years there were no tidings of the ass, until one day, as his kind mistress was taking her usual walk along the road, she saw a man urging along an ass, straining and bending under a heavy-laden cart.

"Now the moment my friend came near, there was an evident alteration in the deportment of the ass; immediately the ears that were but just now hanging listlessly over its eyes were cocked, and its head elevated in the air, and raising its voice more like a laugh than a bray, it urged itself under its heavy load into a trot, and came and laid its snout on the shoulders of the lady, who at once, and not until *now*, recognised her long-lost property, which she had again to purchase at a high price. It is many years since that occurred; the beast is alive, and so is the lady. I hope it won't be her lot to see in it that rare spectacle—a dead ass.

"There is another domestic animal, that, I think, has not got fair play from man, and that is a goose. If we want to write down a mark of *positive* contempt against the intellect of a man, we say he is an Ass; if we would proceed in our lowering designation, we assert he is a Goose. Now, wild or tame, I hold that geese are not to be sneered at. The wild are the most wary of all that take wing—see how aloft the flock soars—observe with what beautiful mathematical precision the order of flight is kept—listen to the voice of direction or of warning that the sentinel keeping in advance every now and then gives out—look how each bird in turn takes the leadership, and how the one relieved assumes his regular position in the rear; let no one venture to tell me that there is not considerable intelligence in these animals: every one knows how watchful geese are even in their domesticated state; every school-boy has learned how they saved the Roman Capitol. I must tell you, amongst many anecdotes I know of geese, one that came under my own observation: when a curate in the county of Kildare, my next neighbour was a worthy man who carried on the cotton-printing business, and who, though once in very prosperous circumstances, was now, in consequence of a change in the times, very poor; in his mill-yard was a gander who had been there 40 years; he was the finest, the largest bird of his kind I ever saw, his watchfulness was excessive; no dog could equal him in vigilance, neither could

any dog be more fierce in attacking strangers and beggars; he followed his old master wherever he went, and at his command would fly at any man or beast; and with his bill, wings, and feet he could and would hurt severely. Whenever my neighbour paid me a visit, the gander always accompanied him, and as I was liberal of oats, and had besides one or two geese in my yard, he would, before his master rose in the morning, come up and give me a call; but neither the oats nor the blandishments of the feathered fair could keep him long away, and he soon solemnly stalked back to his proper station at the mill. Well, year after year I was perfecting my friendship with Toby the gander, and certainly had a share in his esteem, when one winter, after having been confined to the house with a severe cold, I, in passing through the mill-yard, inquired for my friend, whom I could nowhere see. 'Oh, sir,' says the man, and he was about the place as long as Toby himself, 'Toby's gone.'—'Gone where?' 'Oh, he is dead.'—'How dead?' 'Why we eat him for our Christmas dinner.' 'Eat him!!!' I think I have been seldom in the course of my life more astonished and shocked; positively I would have given them a fat cow to eat, could I have saved poor Toby; but so it was. Upon inquiry, I found out that the poor gentleman had not means to buy his Christmas dinner; that he was too proud to go in debt; and, determined as he was to give his people a meat dinner, poor Toby fell a sacrifice to proud poverty. While honouring the man for his independence, I confess I never could look on him afterwards without a sense of dislike; I did not either expect or desire that he should suffer as he *who slew the albatross*, (who has not read Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*?) but I was sure he would not be the better in this world or the next for killing the gander.

"I have been favoured with the following anecdote of a goose, by Mr. Thomas Grubb:—

"At the flour-mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose, which by some accident was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which, in course of due time, were incubated; and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker; her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, Leave them to my care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired of their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen, observing her maternal trouble; but it is a fact, that she, being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down in perfect contentedness and good-humour—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

"While this paper was passing through the press, a lady supplied me with the following anecdote of a goose, which, she assures me, can be depended on. I have every confidence in her credibility. A goose—not a gander—in the farm-yard of a gentleman, was observed to take a particular liking to her owner. This attachment was so uncommon, and so marked, that all about the house and in the neighbourhood took notice of it; and consequently the people, with the propensity they have to give nicknames, and with the sinister motive, perhaps, of expressing their sense of the weak understanding of the man, called him GOOSEY. Alas! for his admirer—the goose's true love did not yet run smooth; for her master, hearing of the ridicule cast upon him, to

abate her fondness, insisted on her being locked up in the poultry-yard. Well, shortly after, he goes to the adjoining town to attend petty sessions, and in the middle of his business what does he feel but something wonderfully warm and soft rubbing against his leg, and on looking down he saw his goose, with neck protruded, while quivering her wings in the fulness of enjoyment, looking up to him with *unutterable* fondness. This was too much for his patience or the bystanders' good manners; for while it set them wild with laughter, it urged him to do a deed he should ever be ashamed of; for, twisting his thong-whip about the goose's neck, he swung her round and round until he supposed her dead, and then he cast her on the adjoining dunghill. Not very long after, Mr. Goosey was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and one day, when slowly recovering, and allowed to recline in the window, the first thing he saw was *his* goose, sitting on the grass, and looking with intense anxiety at him. The effect on him was most alarming. 'What!' says he, is this cursed bird come back to life, and am I, for my sins, to be haunted in this way?' 'Oh! father!' says his daughter, 'don't speak so hardly of the poor bird. Ever since your illness it has sat there opposite your window—it scarcely takes any food.' Passion, prejudice, the fear of ridicule, all gave way before a sense of gratitude for this unalterable attachment. The poor bird was immediately taken notice of—treated, from henceforth, with great kindness; and, for all I know, goose and goosey are still bound in as close ties as man and bird can be.

'Pigs, also, are in my opinion ill-used and slandered animals: if men are dirty, debased, and ignorant, they are called a swinish multitude. But I hold there is no animal cleaner in its habits than a pig; they are debased, it is true, but man has done it by bad breeding; and as to ignorance, I utterly deny the charge: no, quite the reverse, they are most intelligent; no inferior animal, neither dog, horse, nor cow, makes his own nest as does the pig; their senses are so acute that they foresee better than any other animal the changes of the weather: and I am sure you all must have observed how they carry straw in their mouths to make themselves comfortable when they see the storm approaching.

'To be sure such intellectual qualities are only observable in those of the race that are allowed to come to years of discretion, as in sows; for by our modern breeding we fatten and kill off pigs before they come of age. The Dublin Societies and other agricultural bodies have much to answer for in this way, encouraging a precocity, in fattening up childish pigs before their intellectuals are expanded. In this way we are condemned to eat bad pork and worse bacon. Why, when I observe at one of our cattle-shows a huge unwieldy bag of blubber, a poor apoplectic young thing, that can scarcely walk or breathe for very plethora—sirs, it is no more like an old bristly, high-backed, long-legged, sharp-snouted grunter, such as erewhile I used to see in Munster, and such as I have lately observed in Germany, than an Irish spalpeen is to a London alderman. Now suppose that all of you ladies were cut off in your teens, what would become of the educated intellect, the judgment, the wisdom, the wit, the learning, you have exhibited in your more mature life? So it is with pigs. By the intentional degradation of man, and by the greedy knife, they are not allowed the development of intellectuality. Still, after all, they are cunning creatures, and they know both friends and foes. Have you ever seen, for if you have not I have, when a certain functionary, whose business it is to put rings in pigs' snouts, and perform *other offices*, rather disagreeable to the creature—when he comes sounding his horn, every pig in the place goes off to hide. There is no animal which knows its home and loves it more: you will see them going forth in the morning to look for food, and coming home in the evening. Have you not seen at a cabin-door how imploringly poor Muck asks to get in; what different notes of entreaty it uses? and sometimes it stands scolding for admission, as much as to say 'Judy, agra, why won't you let me in to my supper, seeing that I'm the boy that pays the rint.' I know no animal that shows such sympathy in the sufferings of its fellows, and it is very capable of attachment;

it is also often beloved. Peter Findar tells of the passionate sorrow of an English lord for the loss of a favourite pig, and he consoles him in the following pathetic strain:

O! wipe those tears so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind;
You've only lost a single pig.
Your wife and son are left behind.

"I have also heard a pitiful poem of a poor Galway weaver on the death of his pig. Now you must know that in Galway pigs are kept in the top floors of the houses, and that many are littered, reared, fattened, killed, salted, and made into bacon without ever touching the ground—living this way they help to pay the rent of the garret;—it's well for you I don't recollect more than the following stanza:—

Paddy Blake the weaver had a little pig,
The pig was little because it was not big;
This pig was sick and like to die,
Which made poor Paddy and his wife to cry.

"Now this, if not so elegant, is not so tedious as the poem of the two thousand lines which some one wrote on pigs, the beauty of which consisted in this, that it was all written in Latin hexameters, and every word began with a P. (This poem is entitled 'Pugna Porcorum.') An Italian abbot has also written a poem in praise of pigs, and he calls upon Apollo and all the muses to assist him in celebrating their virtues. Now this production is in great estimation with the people who love their swine, and let them live on to an age of discretion, and the pig returns the love lavished on it. An English traveller in South Italy describes the pigs running out on the roads to meet their respective owners as they come from their work in the fields, and declares himself much amused by the mutual caresses that passed between man and pig on the occasion: in that country they are employed to hunt for and set truffles, which grow under ground; they have been known also to set partridges. The late learned and good Dr. Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, used to tell an interesting anecdote of one of his pigs. In the farm-yard, a person appointed for that purpose used to give corn to the turkeys at a certain place, and the pig observing this, took care diligently to attend; and though his snout did not seem well adapted for picking up grains of oats, yet Muck beat the turkeys all to nothing, and contrived to get the largest share. This the henwife seeing, took a dirty advantage, and had, on the following day, the pig locked up, while the turkeys were being fed. On his enlargement he hastened off to the feeding-ground, but there were neither oats nor turkeys. So off he set, found out where the flock of turkeys was, and drove them before him as a shepherd would his sheep, until he had them at the usual spot, and there he kept them the whole day, not one would he allow to budge, expecting that old Molly would come with her sieve of oats.

"I shall trouble you with but one story about cows; it came within my knowledge this summer; the circumstance occurred to one of my own. I am in the habit every year of buying two or three Kerrys; they are the kindest little creatures in the world, they pay very well, and though wild at first, they become under proper treatment exceedingly gentle and familiar: when I buy them, I always choose from the head and horn; I pick out those I consider to have good countenances. Last year I was very lucky in the three I bought; they became in a short time great pets; I generally go out in the morning before breakfast, and they always meet me at the gate of the pasture, expecting to have their heads scratched and be spoken to; one in particular, a quaint crumpled-horned little lassie, used to put her snout into my pocket, like a dog, to look for bread and potatoes, which I generally brought with me; her breath was so sweet, and large eyes so placid, that I was almost tempted to be of the humour of the man who loved to kiss his cow. Well, there was a swing-swung in this field, and my Kerry lass, who was inordinately curious, seeing my young ladies swinging, thought, I suppose, she might take a swing herself. Be this as it may, one day about noon, a constant

and loud lowing of cows was heard at the gate nearest the house, and my brother, who was within, hearing the unusual and continued noise, went out to see what was the matter; as soon as he came to the gate he saw two of the Kerry cows very uneasy, but not the third, so he proceeded into the grounds, and as he went the cows followed him, still lowing, until he arrived at the farthest end of the land, when he saw my pet, the third Kerry, entangled in the rope of the swing, and caught by her head and horns, where she must have been soon strangled if not relieved; the moment my brother extricated her, the lowing of the others ceased. I could not learn that my Kerry fair one ever after attempted the humours of a swing-swung.

"Of cats, time does not allow me to say much; but this I must affirm, that they are misrepresented, and often the victims of prejudice. It is strictly maintained that they have little or no affection for *persons*, and that their partialities are confined to *places*. I have known many instances of the reverse. When leaving, about fifteen years ago, a glebe-house, to remove into Dublin, the cat, that was a favourite with me and with my children, was in our hurry left behind. On seeing strange faces come into the house, she instantly left it, and took up her abode in the top of a large cabbage-stalk, whose head had been cut off, but which retained a sufficient number of leaves to protect poor puss from the weather; in this position she remained, and nothing could induce her to leave it, until I sent a special messenger to bring her to my house in town. At present I have a cat that follows my housekeeper up and down like a dog; every morning she comes up at daybreak in winter to the door of the room in which the maid-servants sleep, and there she mews until they get up; I don't expect that she will be long-lived.

[To be concluded.]

SUMMER STANZAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

ONCE more to visit Northern climes the fervid summer bles—
To shed, at morn, a crimson flush along unclouded skies;
To clothe the fields with golden grain, the garden-dells with flowers,
And crown with garlands, fresh and new, the gaily-dancing hours.

The early dawn is welcomed in by songs of happy birds,
Familiar to the ear and heart as childhood's warbled words;
And Day to his repose declines, with music low and deep,
To lull the lovely things of light to their delicious sleep.

The air with softer pinion stirs the leaves that make the shade
Within the wild and lone recess of some sequester'd glade,
And tosses showers of blossoms down from every fragile bough,
To fall with cool and dewy touch upon the fever'd brow.

Oh! from the city's throng'd resorts that it were mine to go,
To some sweet spot where I could list a fountain's gladsome flow;
And not a sound save Nature's own could o'er the silence swell,
To jar the chords of quiet thought, or break Seclusion's spell!

QUEEN ANNE.

QUEEN ANNE, although sufficiently lauded by contemporary bards, and whose encouragement to Stephen Duck, the poetical thrasher, ought not to be forgotten, appears not to have been eminent as a patroness of the Muses; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that three of the most illustrious wits who flourished in her reign, have each celebrated her name in couplets ending with defective rhymes: Pope, whose versification is music itself, thus apostrophises her in the "Rape of the Lock":—

"And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

Addison, who has perhaps more false rhymes than any other poet of equal celebrity, observes in his famous "Campaign":—

"Such are the effects of Anna's royal cares;
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations," &c.

The most striking instance, however, is from Young—a name illustrious from its alliance with *unrhymed* poetry. In "The Last

Day," the author states what old empires shall fall, and new empires have birth:—

"While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbid not) other Annes."

Of the three celebrated poems from which the above couplets are taken, it may be here observed, that the first is Pope's most exquisitely elaborate efforts on a subject not worthy his celebration; the second is Addison's highly eulogised performance on a subject that ought never to have been celebrated at all by any good man; and the third exhibits Young's immeasurable short-coming on a theme to which no celebration can do justice, because it is not only too solemnly interesting to allow of fictitious embellishment, but likewise too awfully magnificent to admit of poetical aggrandisement.

WOMAN'S WIT.

THE following passage in the life of Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his noble plan for the deliverance of his country, is truly dramatic:—

"On a little hill stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long farm-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country.

"Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship—nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design in execution. It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not the courage to face his victim, but telling the Dane how to surprise the Prince, who, he said, believed himself under the protection of a friend, he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

"The officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an in-

stant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.'

"The officer, not suspecting the easy simplicity of her manner, ordered part of his men to go in quest of him. At this moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and, opening a side door, 'There, get into the scullery, cried she, 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied, perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately flew to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake, where the fishers' boats lay, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

THE FRENCH AND PLUM-PUDDING.

No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum-pudding. A Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman; but if you would offend him for ever, compel him to eat plum-pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs, wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb-pudding* upon their *cartes*, but in no instance is it ever ordered by a Frenchman. Everybody has heard the story of St. Louis—Henri Quatre, or whoever else it might be,—who, wishing to regale the English ambassador on Christmas-day with a plum-pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, the duration of time, everything was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth! and the pudding was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well-bred to express his astonishment.—*Every-day Book.*

GARRICK'S EPIGRAM.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq., the petition of I, in behalf of herself and her Sister." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words, including the letter I—as *firm* for *firm*, *virtue* for *virtue*, and others. The pamphlet is now sunk in oblivion; but the following epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved, as one of the best in the English language.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen!
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due—
That I may be never mistaken for U.

LACONICS.

I used in early life to long to be a martyr—to have some grand opportunity of honouring God, of renouncing all for him. I would hope there was some piety in the feeling, but there was certainly more pride and ignorance. Well, this opportunity occurs every moment: to subdue the lusts of the heart requires more true heroism than to die at the stake.

There are three requisites to our proper enjoyment of every earthly blessing which God bestows upon us—viz., a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver; a deep sense of the unworthiness of the receiver; and a sober recollection of the precarious tenure by which we hold it. The first will make us grateful, the second humble, and the last moderate.

As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction; as a shower in the midst of summer, so are the solitary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure.—*Miss Smith.*

We must be wise ourselves before we can understand or duly estimate the sayings of wise men.

THOMAS COMMENDEN MIASTER'S WOLDEST DAETER.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT.)

No. No. I ben't arinnen down
The pirty maidens o' the town,
Nar wishen o'm noo harm;
But she that I o'd marry vust
To shiare my good luck ar my crust,
'S abred up at a farm.
In town a maid da zee muore life,
An' I dont underriate her;
But ten to oone, the sprackest wife
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

Var she da veed wi' tender kiare
The little oones, an' piart the'r hiair,
An' kip 'em neat an' pirty;
An' kip the sassy little chaps
O' buoys in trim, wi' dreads an' slaps,
When tha be wild an' dirty.
Zoo if ya'd have a bus'len wife,
An' children well look'd a'ter,
The maid to help ye al drough life
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

An' she can irin up an' vuold
A book o' clothes wi' young ar wold,
An' zalt an' roll the butter;
An' miake brown bread and elder wine,
An' zalt down meat in pans o' brine,
An' do what ya can put her.
Zoo if ya've wherewi', an' 'od vind
A wife wo'th looken a'ter,
Goo an' git a farmer in the mind
To g'ye his woldest daeter.

Her heart's so innocent an' kind;
She idden thoughtless, but da mind
Her mother an' her duty.
The liven blushes that da spread
Upon her healthy fiace o' red
Da heighten al her beauty.
So quick's a bird, so neat's a cat,
So cheerful in her niater,
The best o' maidens to come at
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

Dorset Chronicle.

THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

At Hamburg there is an annual festival, in which troops of children parade the streets, carrying green garlands, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a remarkable event which occurred in 1432. When the Hussites menaced the city with immediate destruction, one of the citizens proposed that all the children, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, the Hussite chief, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruit, and promised to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and shouting "Victory!"

PITT AND THURLOW.

About the year 1790, when the Lord-Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the minister, Mr. Pitt, a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," says the premier, "how he draws, but he has not refused his oats yet."

The VOLUMES of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL may be had as follows:—

VOLUME I., containing Nos. 1 to 26, price 5s. 6d. in cloth.

VOLUME II., containing Nos. 27 to 52, price 5s. 6d. in cloth.

VOLUMES I. and II. bound together, containing the Numbers for 1839, price 10s. 6d. in cloth.

BACK NUMBERS and PARTS, to complete Sets, may always be obtained.

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER and Co. Dublin: CURRY and Co.—Printed and Stereotyped by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.